Northern Messenger

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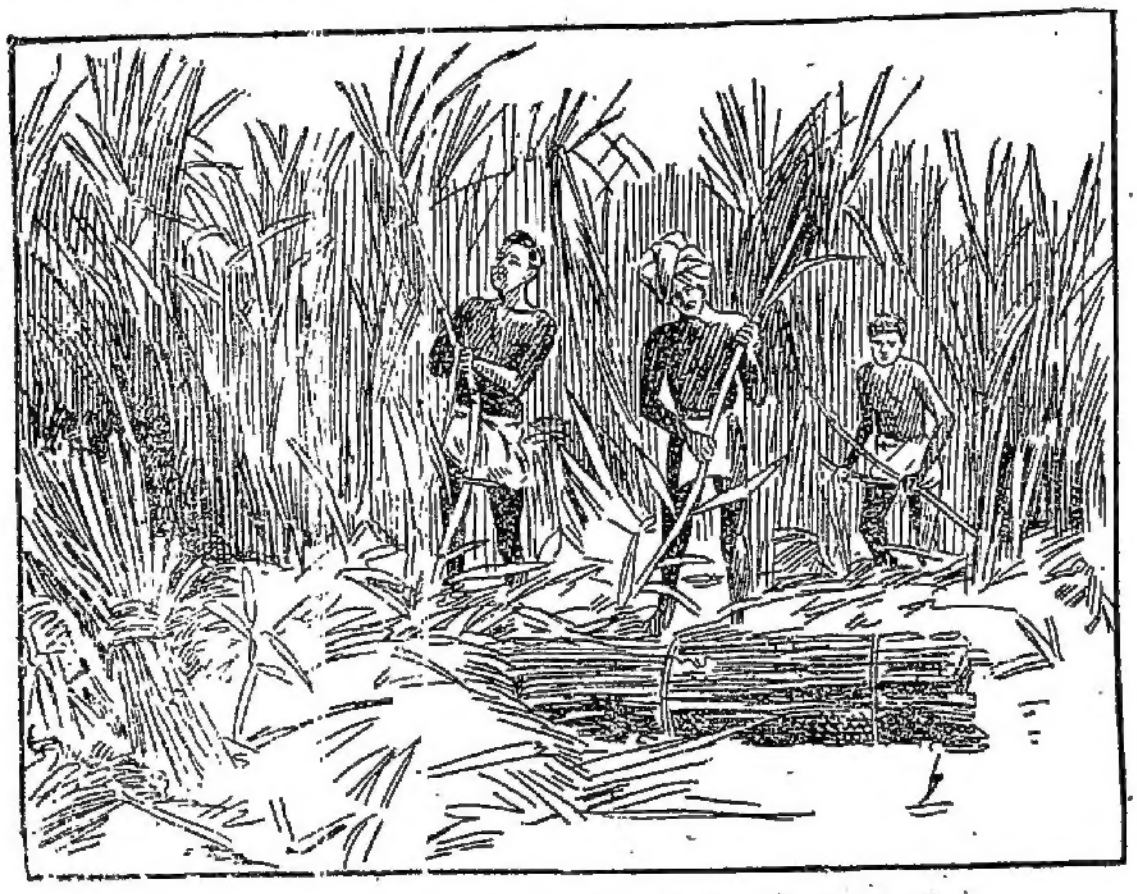
Sugar-Making in a Bengal Village.

(By the Rev. T. R. Edwards, of Soory, Beerbhoom, Bengal, in the 'Juvenile Missionary Herald.')

As the time of crushing the sugar-cane has come, let us pay a visit to the adjoining Bengali village. There we shall, doubtless, see much that will interest us.



SUGAR PLANTATION IN A BENGAL VILLAGE.

On our way across the rice-stubbles we have to pass the sugar-cane plantations. These, you will observe, are protected with great care. The reason is, that the cane has many enemies both among bipeds and quadrupeds. Chief amongst the latter are jackals and pigs. Hence the plantations are fenced round with a temporary fence of bamboos and thorns. And you may notice, too, that the cane-stalks are tied round with bandages of the lower dry leaves of the plant itself. These bandages not only serve to preserve the canes, but they tend to increase the accumulation of juice.

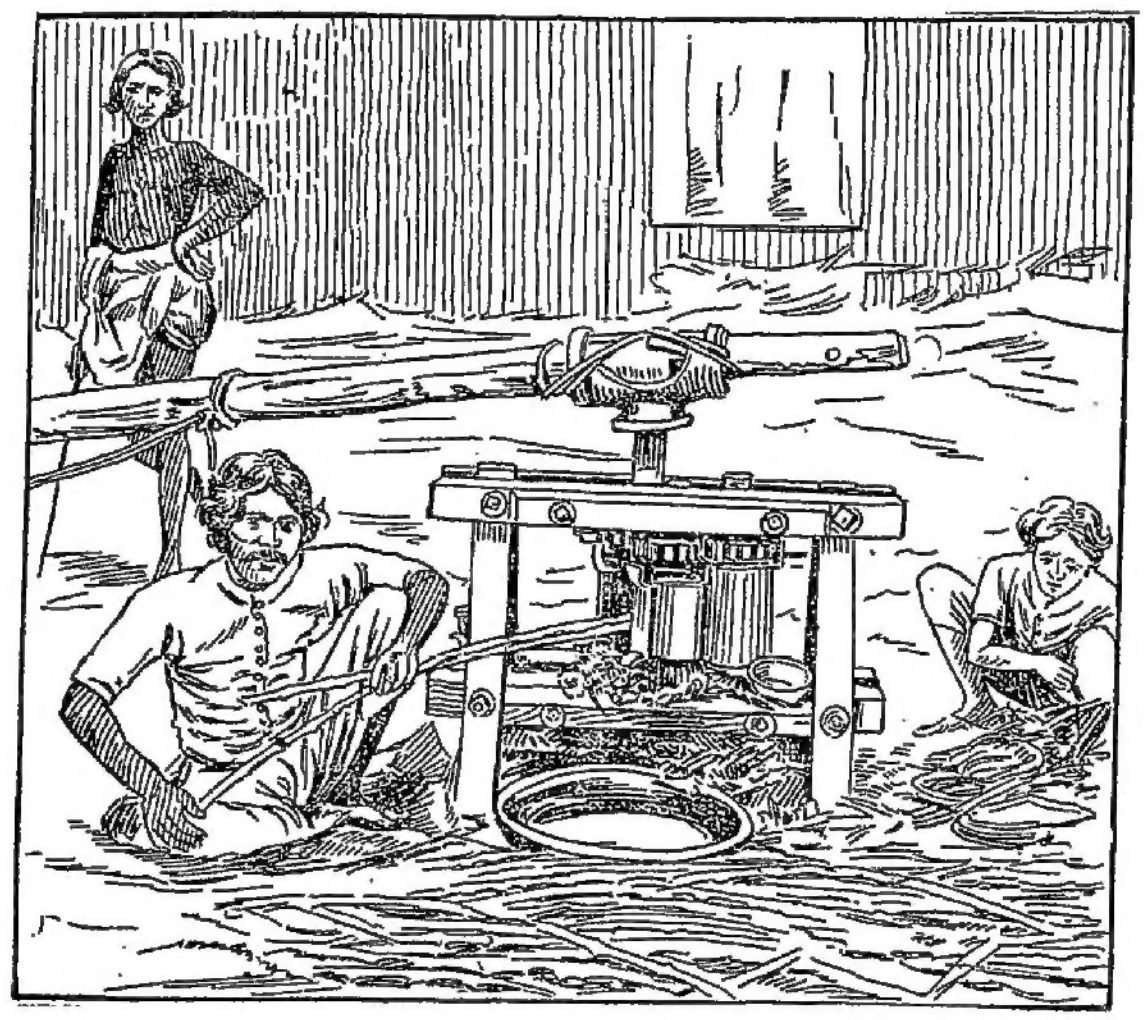
Before we pass on to the village, let us enter the plantation where the sound of voices is heard. Here we find men busy at work cutting down the long stalks and cleansing them of the leaves. You will observe how carefully the heads of the canes are cut off, and are then tied up in bundles by themselves. In the left-hand corner of the picture of a cane-plantation you will see a couple of bundles of these cane-tops. 'What is done with them?' you ask. They are carried away to the village, and put in a damp, cool place, where they may sprout. The sprouting takes place from the eyes of the stalk on its sides. When this is completed they will be brought back again into the fields and planted in well-tilled and well-manured soils. From these cuttings next year's crop will be produced. Each one will bring forth half a dozen canes or more. It is on this account that such care is taken of them.

When the canes have been stripped of their leaves, and their tops lopped off, they are bound up in large bundles, and are carried either on men's heads or on carts to the village.

Let us now follow the precious loads as they proceed to their destination. As we approach the village we shall behold a scene of great excitement. The whole community is in transports of glee. Old and young men and women have come out to hail the arrival of the canes. Eyes sparkle with delight and faces show eager expectation. Why should the villagers show such interest as this? Surely the crop does not belong equally to them all? No, that is not the reason. It is that, according to immemorial custom, every individual may expect a share. On such occasions as this the cultivators cherfully comply with the precept, 'Give to him that asketh thee.' No child so young and no person so despised but may claim and receive a cane. Should a cultivator refuse compliance with this time-honored institution he would become the object of the maledictions of the whole village. He would be told on all sides that bad luck would attend his labors, that his juice would burn in boiling, and that other misfortunes would inevitably befall him. Hence no peasant would dare to run such a risk. But here it is only fair to say that cultivators invariably comply with this custom, not so much from fear of disgrace as out of pure goodwill and a thankful heart. And as it tends to foster kindliness and goodwill amongst the villagers, it is a custom which has our high commendation. It reminds us of the wise and beneficial Mosaic ordinances for the poor at harvest time.

As soon as each applicant has received the customary cane the process of crushing may at once begin. For this purpose cane-crushers of European manufacture are now universally used. By a glance at the illustration supplied it will be seen that the apparatus consists of three close-fitting rollers worked by cogs. They are set in motion by a horizontal beam, which is pulled round by a yoke of oxen. This machine, you see, is already at work, its long legs have been sunk deep in the ground to keep it rigid. On the one side of it a hole has been made to receive the vessel intended to catch the juice as it pours from the rollers. Beside the machine squats the person appointed to act as feeder, and close at hand is a bundle of canes ready for use. These he takes up one by one and passes them between the rollers.

Feeding the cane-crusher is a tedious operation, and one that requires some skill and a great deal of care. It not unfrequently



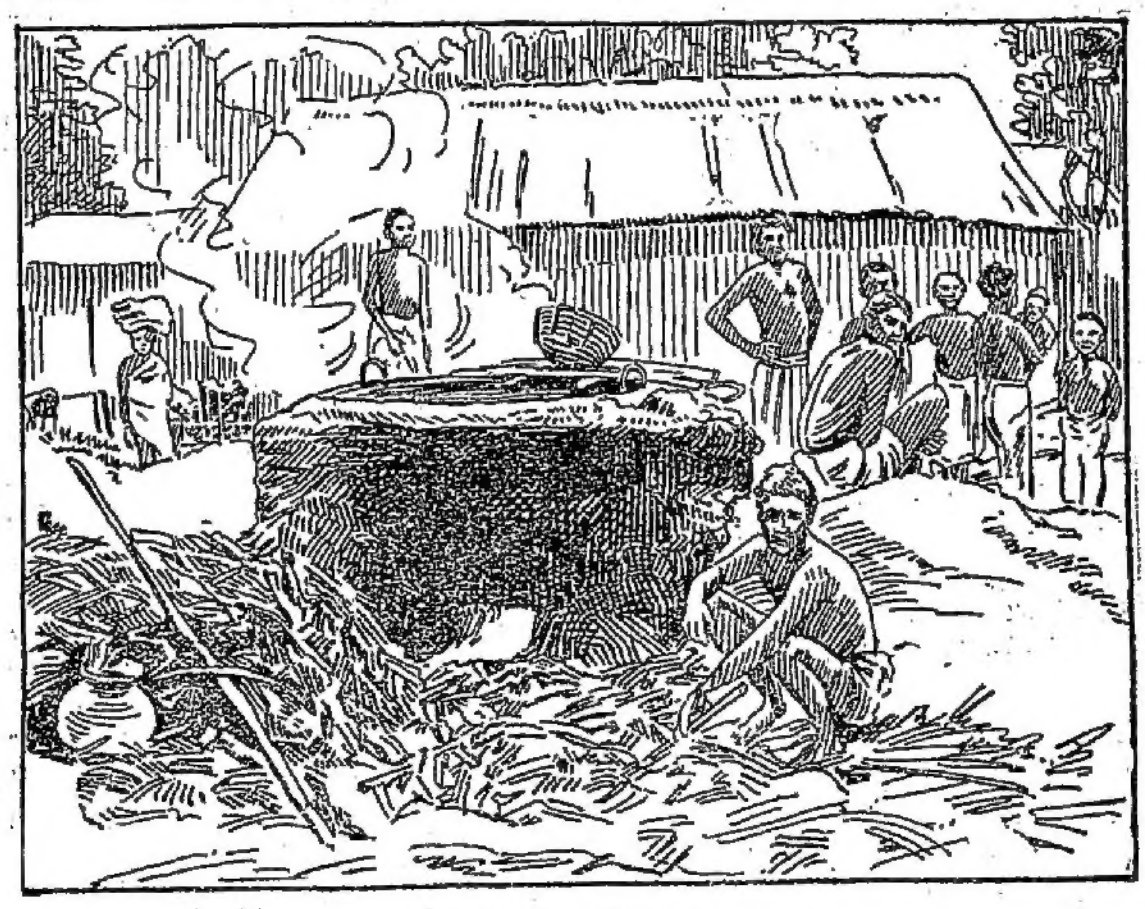
CRUSHING THE SUGAR CANE.

happens that careless persons get their fingers and hands crushed.

The scientifically-made machines, now in current use throughout the country, have proved a great boon to the cultivators. They have entirely displaced the old wooden presses so long in vogue. The people find that these new implements save them much labor and do the work more efficiently.

Let us now leave talking about the machines and continue our observations on the scene before us.

The crushing is now proceeding briskly, the bullocks trot round at a good pace. Close behind them follows the driver. In his hand is a stout piece of bamboo. Should one of the unfortunate animals slacken its pace, or in any way prove refractory, down comes the bamboo with a thud on its sounding sides. The ill-treatment of this useful animal is often pitiful. It will constantly pain you to see the cruel blows and merciless tail twistings it gets. And yet the cow is deemed to be the sacred animal of India! But we are digressing. The



SUGAR BOILING.

feeder is kept busily at work putting the canes between the rollers and guiding them through. At the base of the rollers a little stream of the sweet thick juice pours into the well beneath. As this fills it is carried away and poured into the large cauldron on the furnace.

Turn we now to watch the boiling, which is the next important stage in sugarmaking. It is important that the juice should be set to boil soon after it is extracted from the cane, or it would ferment and spoil; and the process of boiling not only prevents fermentation, but it cleanses the liquid and reduces its bulk by more than half.

You see what an immense cauldron is used for the purpose. It is fixed into position with mud walls all round. These have become as hard as stone by the action of the sun and fire. On the one side there is a large hole for feeding the furnace. The fuel used consists of the dry leaves of the sugar-cane itself. Thus it supplies not only the juice, but also the fuel for its own boiling. It keeps one man constantly occupied attending to the furnace. He has to regulate the supply of fuel, or the precious contents of the cauldron would boil over and be wasted. Clouds of smoke and steam rise into the air. If you ask how the process of boiling purifies the seething liquid, the answer is easy: Soon after the juice commences to boil, the impurities it contains rise to the surface in the shape of scum. This is skimmed off again and again and is preserved for the purpose of sweetening tobacco for smoking. The boiling is continued until the liquid is reduced to about half its original bulk, and it becomes quite thick and sticky. It is then taken out of the cauldron with ladles, and is put into smaller vessels to cool. This is hastened by frequent stirring. When cooled down sufficiently it is put into earthen calabashes, and is taken away to the peasants' house for storage. After it has crystallized it is fit for use. At this stage it resembles dark moist sand, and is very sweet and wholesome. In this form it is commonly used by the country people. They consume great quantities of it, as it is the only means of sweetening they possess.

There will generally be a considerable surplus over after allowing for domestic consumption. This will be carted to the nearest market town, where it will be sold to merchants; these, again, despatch it to the large cities or to the sugar refineries. At the latter places it is transferred into the beautiful white crystals so familiar to Europeans. In this form its consumption is confined chiefly to the European population of India and adjoining countries.

She Hath Eternal Life.

I thought to find some healing clime
  For her I loved; she found that shore,
That city, whose inhabitants
  Are sick and sorrowful no more.

I asked for human love for her;
  The Loving knew how best to still
The infinite yearning of a heart
  Which but infinity could fill.

Such sweet communion had been ours,
  I prayed that it might never end;
My prayer is more than answered; now
  I have an angel for my friend.

I wished for perfect peace, to soothe
  The troubled anguish of her breast;
And, numbered with the loved and called,
  She entered on untroubled rest.

Life was so fair a thing to her,
  I wept and pleaded for its stay;
My wish was granted me, for, lo!
  She hath eternal life to-day.

—'British Weekly.'

A Letter From India.

The following letter from Miss H. E. Dunhill, 12 South Parade, Bangalore, India, will interest all those who so kindly sent their papers to India at her request. Miss Dunhill is the national organizer of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, in India. Her letter is dated April 11, 1901, and she writes the Editor of the 'Northern Messenger' as follows:—

Dear Editor,—Through your courtesy in inserting a letter from Mrs. M. E. Cole, of Westmount, Quebec, a lady who is indeed 'a succourer of many,' a great many of your young readers have sent back numbers of your helpful paper to my address, for distribution among any who understand English. Being called to travel among India's three hundred millions, as National Organizer of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the Lord gives opportunity to teach of 'Christ crucified' and of temperance; the drink habit grows alarmingly in this country, and is a barrier in the way of Christianity. The papers sent me are of real use, and I desire to convey my thanks, through your columns, to all who are coming up 'to the help of the Lord against the mighty' by sending us the printed page. Kind letters accompanying the packets I have answered, but in case these replies have not reached their destination, or there are others whose names are unknown to me, I trust all donors will kindly read my gratitude between these lines. The Lord reward all who help India!

We should also like it to be known that the postmaster at Bombay writes to say some wrappers came off and he would like names and addresses written on the outside paper as well. He has occasionally found the postage insufficient.

I write in the train, and distribute 'Messengers' as I journey from the north to the south. A lady took some to give away on a steamer. A poor native woman watched the filling of a railway wall-pocket with literature, and said, 'Do you do this for God?' Pray for us.

Yours gratefully,
H. E. DUNHILL.

Recorded Words.

Dr. Cuyler makes a practical application of the incident that when Bishop Latimer was arraigned on trial for heresy he heard the scratch of a pen behind the tapestry. In a moment he bethought himself that every word he spoke was taken down, and he says he was very careful what words he uttered. Behind the veil that hides eternity is a record book in which our every syllable is taken down. Even the most trivial are not forgotten, for the Lord Jesus tells us 'that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.' He continues:

'If our words have an eternity of existence, if good words have so potent an influence to save, if idle or profane or poisonous speech works such perennial mischief, how needful is the perpetual utterance of the prayer, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips!" '—'Everybody's Magazine.'

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN THE SECOND EPISTLE TO THE THESSALONIANS.

May 19, Sun.—We pray always for you.

May 20, Mon.—God hath from the beginning chosen you to salvation through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth.

May 21, Tues.—Therefore, brethren, stand fast.

May 22, Wed.—The Lord is faithful, who shall stablish you, and keep you from evil.

May 23, Thur.—This we commanded you, that if any would not work neither should he eat.

May 24, Fri.—Be not weary in well doing.

May 25, Sat.—Now the Lord of peace himself give you peace always by all means.

BOYS AND GIRLS

What It Nearly Cost Jack.

(By Arthur Ward, in 'Good Cheer.')

'I wish Jack wouldn't be so rough with animals and little chaps,' said Charlie Connor to his mother, as he let the kitten in at the door.

It was crying pitifully and limped painfully along.

'I saw him do it,' continued Charlie. 'Perhaps he didn't know it was my kitten, but it's all the same, anyway. I like Jack, and I almost have to play with him, he lives so near to us, and then we are in the same class at school; but I don't like what he does. He is so cruel. He needn't have touched the kitten at all. And he picked it up and threw it in the air and it came down on the fence. As he came along the kitten was on the front steps and he couldn't let it alone.'

'Perhaps Jack is more thoughtless than cruel,' said Charlie's mother.

'I'm afraid not,' replied Charlie, 'for I've seen him do such things very often. He's always throwing stones at birds and punching small fellows on the street, and trying to scare the girls.'

After a nice saucer of milk had been served kittie, she seemed to feel a little better and came and curled up peacefully on her master's lap.

It was a snapping cold day, and out-of-doors the snow was beginning to fall. As Charlie looked at the feathery flakes whirling down, he saw Jack coming into the yard and along the walk to the back door. He knocked and Charlie went to let him in.

Jack called out, 'Halloa!' and gave a little start as he saw Charlie holding the kitten in his arms. 'Say, is that your cat?'

'Yes,' replied Charlie.

'Well, I didn't know that before. I guess I hurt it. But if it's yours I'll look out next time.'

'Couldn't you look out for other folks' kittens, too, Jack? I think it's nice to make animals like you.'

As Charlie looked out of the door and towards the railway tracks, beyond the pond and the mill-dam, he called to his mother, 'Didn't you have a bone there for Carl?'

'Yes, here it is,' replied Mrs. Connor.

Charlie took it, and looking down across the pond, cried loudly, 'Carl! Carl! Carl!'

The large Newfoundland dog, that belonged to the watchman at the machine-shops, was walking gravely back and forth along the car track that was laid across the top of the dam, at the end of the pond. Over the ice and snow rang Charlie's call:

'Carl! Carl! Carl!'

IT WAS PLEASANT ON THE ICE.

The dog knew the voice, for many a kind word, many a pat, and not a few bones had he received from Charlie. He stopped, pricked up his ears, looked around, apparently to see if he was especially needed, and then, with a bound, was down the banking and through the storm was sliding and galloping toward Charlie, who ran out from the door to meet him, and with a caress presented him with the bone.

Carl, with a 'thank you' in his eyes and a whine of recognition, turned and trotted slowly back to his post again.

Jack had called to arrange for a skating trip the next morning.

Charlie promised to go with him, if it left off snowing, so that the ice should be clear. It was pleasant the next morning, and the boys joined the rest of the village young people at the river, now a gleaming strip of silver in the bright sun. For two hours Charlie and Jack skated, built bonfires on the ice and taught beginners to hold their wabbling ankles stiff. Then, longing for a race, the two spun on beyond the crowd and away up the river by the car-shops to the dam.

Jack was ahead as they reached the line of coal cars, where Carl was usually found, and at sight of the dog he picked up several lumps of coal and threw them at him. As one of the lumps struck him Carl shrank.

When Charlie came up Jack was saying, 'It's no use, that dog never likes me, and he's always cross when I come around.'

Charlie thought he knew why the animal was cross, but he kept quiet. What fun it was skating up here alone! The boys' cheeks glowed as around and across and backward they glided. What a glorious motion! They tried a new figure; it was an intricate one. They almost had it, when Jack slipped and went down in a heap on the ice.

There was an ominous crash, a snapping of the crystal surface, water flashing cold and clear, a ragged hole, a breaking around the edges of the hole, and they were both struggling in the pond. There was a thin place at that point in the ice, made by the current setting towards the gateway in the dam. They had not realized that the surface was so thin.

Jack came up first. His clothes seemed so heavy that he could not swim, though he was a good swimmer. How icy cold everything was! He felt confused. He wondered where Charlie was. He grasped the edge of the ice, but it broke. He tried it again. He thought it must hold. How he clutched at it! It was cutting his hands. They were bleeding. Just then he saw Carl, in the distance, on the shore. He called. How shrill the cry sounded!

'Carl! Carl! Good Carl! Come!'

The dog was looking towards him. The ice was still breaking, but Carl made no move. Jack knew that dogs sometimes save drowning folks. Then he felt a grip on his collar. It was Charlie who was paddling wearily, painfully, out of breath.

Then Charlie called out feebly:

'Carl!' There was a pause and slowly again, 'Carl!' and finally he screamed, 'Help! Oh, help! Carl! Carl!'

Charlie never knew how he held out, but what a furious barking there was! How the old dog roared!

Charlie heard the puffing of the steam at the engine room in the shops, and then the slow rolling of a train beyond the switch, passing towards the city. He idly wondered if he should ever hear it pass again. Carl barked nearer and nearer. He seem-

ed to know there was trouble. Was he calling for help as he came?

Bill Sumner, who shovelled coal into the furnace under the boiler at the shops, said to Sam the engineer, 'Wonder what's the matter with the dog. Never heard him make such a fuss before.'

With shovel in hand, Bill stepped to the door. The dog was quiet now. The man looked all around and was about to turn back. Then he looked out over the pond. What was the dog doing there, flat on the ice and not making a sound? Bill shaded his eyes, dropped his shovel with a hasty exclamation, and rushed back into the shop.

In a moment a dozen men with boards and ropes were running across the ice. They found Carl stretched out flat on the cold surface, with Charlie's wrist in his mouth, lying quietly holding on, and Charlie, lifting up a pale, set, almost frozen face and with one hand holding on to unconscious Jack.

Carl whirled and whined and barked when the boys were at last out.

Everybody in the village loved Carl that day.

Charlie thought it paid to have a dog for a friend.

And Jack had learned a lesson, as Charlie saw when Jack said to him, 'Carl wouldn't come when I called him.'

I like to see a man or a boy who is on good terms with the birds of the air and the beasts of the field and the home, and the children who play on the street. God cares for them all. Why should not we?

In the Heart of the Woods.

Such beautiful things in the heart of the woods!
Flowers and ferns, and the soft green moss;
Such love of the birds, in the solitudes,
Where the swift wings glance, and the tree-tops toss;
Spaces of silence, swept with song,
Which nobody hears but the God above;
Spaces where myriad creatures throng,
Sunning themselves in his guarding love.

Such safety and peace in the heart of the woods,
Far from the city's dust and din,
Where passion nor hate of man intrudes,
Nor fashion nor folly has entered in.
Deeper than hunter's trail hath gone
Glimmers the tarn where the wild deer drink;
And fearless and free comes the gentle fawn,
To peep at herself o'er the grassy brink.

Such pledge of love in the hearts of the woods!
For the Maker of all things keeps the least,
And over the tiny floweret broods,
With care that for ages has never ceased.
If He cares for this, will He not for thee—
Thee, wherever thou art to-day?
Child of an infinite Father, see;—
And safe in such gentlest keeping stay.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

'World Wide' is an effort to select from foreign journals and magazines many articles which are of intense interest to Canadians, but which heretofore have too often been lost in the great sea of current literature before they reached Canada. 'World Wide' is a sixteen page weekly, published at seventy-five cents per annum by John Dougall & Son, Montreal.

N.B.—For 50 cents it will be sent regularly to January 1st, 1902.

The Minister's Choice

(By E. M. Pledge, in the 'Alliance News.')

The house was very still; in the minister's study an oppressive silence prevailed, a silence that could be felt—a hush, a soul waiting.

The minister sat with his head resting on his hand. Before him, on his desk, more conspicuous than any others, were two objects, which held the key to his profound absorption; his deep reverie. One was an open letter, the other a plain white card, with a text printed on it. The gold lettering shone out with definite boldness; the words were particularly easy to read. The minister had seen the card in a paper shop on the previous day, and had been guilty of the extravagance of purchasing it; and he had brought it home, and had now placed it side by side with a certain letter which he had received just before purchasing the card. The two, therefore, lay before him co-equal in prominence, immediately under his eye; and he sat motionless.

The letter contained a formal invitation for him to undertake the pastoral duties of a wealthy church; the card bore the ringing challenge:—

'Ready to do whatsoever my Lord, the King, shall appoint.'

The minister's present house was a small one; his church and salary proportionately so. These facts are amply significant; but the power of a picture is dependent upon its delicate details. The Rev. David Doncaster had married young in life. His sensitively, ardent nature craved intimate companionship, and rendered the endearments of home exquisitely attractive. His wife met his needs, and that is saying much. But in later years—even on the very day when he sat with these two absorbing objects before him on his shabby desk—he had had to shut the study door sharply, with a little imperative authority, which to a sensitive ear intimated that he must not be disturbed, and it was solely because he could not bear the sight of her wan, gentle face, in its sweet patience. It cut him to the heart to do it; but there are moments when the best of men are selfish. He had no power to lighten her daily burden of care and anxiety, so he shrank from witnessing her daily cross-bearing. Not understanding, in his blindness, that the love-glance of his eye and the tones of his voice rendered her unconscious of more than half the weary pain.

The shadow in the minister's home was the almost chronic illness of the little delicate daughter; the shadow, but just as eloquently the joy. The frail life had an even greater influence upon the father than he himself knew; but the pain of seeing her suffer was but thus augmented. Then the fond, ambitious hopes of his heart were focused upon Duncan, his only son. Duncan, with his splendid ability, yearned to go to college, and the desire was not unreasonable or unnatural. Yet with his strained income how could Mr. Doncaster hope to gratify this ardent longing of Duncan's, or seek the more skilled, and more costly, advice which he so craved for his daughter Stella?

The letter and the card lay before him, both forceful, both inviting definiteness and decision. Were they necessarily antagonistic? What would it not mean to him and to his wife to be relieved from that constant friction of wanting five shillings to do the work of ten? There could surely be no wrong in removing to a broadened sphere of labor? There was a grand work to be done in this larger church to which he had been called; immense opportunities for service, and for influencing an ever-widening circle of the cultured upper classes. Did not the educated men and women in the eager, restless world need to have their souls cared for as much, aye, and God knew, alas! sometimes infinitely more, than their poorer brothers and sisters upon whose mental endowments such small labor was ever bestowed? It was a dishonor to suppose that wealthy pastors must, as a sequel, be worldly pastors. The purity of the soul before God could be maintained upon an income of six hundred per annum as truly as upon one hundred. Mr. Doncaster told himself, with a little groan, that it could be infinitely more so. He remembered at that same moment that the butcher's account was due that day. It is surprising how the practical minutiae of life has power to affect us at great crises.

He took up his pen and drew a sheet of notepaper towards him. In doing so his hand moved the card slightly, and a sunbeam swept across the gold letters. It was strange how at the moment these words gave him a shock.

'Ready to do whatsoever my Lord, the King, shall appoint.'

The minister paused a moment, then he assumed an air of decision.

'It must be his appointment for me to take charge of the church at Elmsbridge. I shall accept it as a call from him.'

He hesitated no longer. With almost feverish haste he wrote two important letters. One was to the church at Elmsbridge formally accepting the cordial invitation to become the pastor; the other was an equally formal resignation of his present pastorate. Then he read them through and put them into envelopes, and leaned back in his chair. But there was no joy reflected upon his pale face. Instead, an unwonted shadow and restlessness was traceable.

He rose at length, and, opening the study door, went into the tiny parlor beyond. His wife was there.

'Eleanor, I have come to tell you that I have decided.'

She glanced up at him, but her lips were dumb. Only her eyes asked the question she would not voice. He did not look at her, but he knew.

'I have written an acceptance to the Elmsbridge Church, Eleanor. It is God's way of easing our hearts of this wearing, grinding poverty. Wife, we ought to be very thankful.'

Still she did not speak. Did he know that his voice was strained and unnatural, and his manner forced?

'I shall lay my resignation before the church to-night.'

He could not bear her silence.

'Eleanor, it must be the right step. I have prayed and waited, and not done this thing in haste.'

'Our people will break their hearts if you leave them, David.'

He winced, as if he had been seized with physical pain. His wife rose quietly and left the room; she could not talk just then. It was the first time in their wedded life that they had not been of one heart and mind upon any matter.

That evening the minister laid his resignation before the church. He had intended posting the letter to Elmsbridge, but by some oversight at the last moment before leaving home he had omitted to take it from his desk, so determined to send it early the next morning. He felt sad and depressed upon his return from the meeting. The deacons and church members had met him coldly, or he had thought so.

Immediately after breakfast the following

day he went to his study. He would take that letter and post it at once. A knock at the house door made him linger. His wife came to him the next moment.

'Some of the deacons wish to see you, dear.'

She ushered them in, and shut the study door. It is possible she prayed as she made a pudding for the simple dinner. In the study the deacons were having a hard time.

'You can't be in earnest about—about last night—your resignation, Mr. Doncaster? We felt stunned, so to speak. Why, sir, the church couldn't live without you, or so it seems to us.'

'We know we can't give you the salary you ought to have, but you won the hearts of the people long ago, and you've kept them, you and your wife, sir. There's a grand work, too, among the young folk. Think again, Mr. Doncaster, before you leave us.'

Others spoke, and to the same purport, and the minister felt his heart cramp with torture at the thought of the pain he was giving. Even while the deacons were talking there were other visitors, and when at last the minister dismissed the agitated deputation, with a vague promise to reconsider his decision, he found quite a large gathering in the tiny hall waiting to petition him.

There was crippled Widow Sims, the tears streaming down her cheeks.

'Oh, minister! my Jim will never keep straight if you go away,' she wailed.

'Sally's just beginning to go regular to church, and she says she won't go no more if there's a strange parson,' broke in blind Amos.

'Father, he says as how he won't never be able to stand to his pledge if you ain't here to give him a word, and a shake of the hand, minister,' piped the shrill voice of small Andrew Dale.

'Parson, it'll be the death of the old mother if you go and leave us. She dotes on you dropping in for a bit, to read her a chapter from the blessed Word and to offer a prayer.'

John Baker's tender love for his paralyzed mother was an unwritten poem. The minister felt choked.

He wrung the hand of each, and went on to Eleanor. He could not speak. He sank into a chair, with a sob in his throat.

'Send them away, Eleanor,' he said. 'Tell them I will see them all to-morrow.'

He heard her voice presently as she spoke soothingly to the humble folk who loved them so, and it fell like a benediction on his ear also.

The letter of acceptance was never sent to Elmsbridge. Instead, he despatched one of totally different purport.

Later on the same deputation as before waited upon the minister, but this time they handed him a cheque as a mark of their love and gratitude that he had chosen to remain with them.

'Eleanor,' said Mr. Doncaster, 'part of this wealth shall help Duncan through college, and with the other part we will have a specialist's opinion for Stella.'

When the physician saw the frail child, and knew where her life had been lived, he spoke definitely.

'Probably your daughter would not have been with you now but for the unrivalled moorland air, which has always nourished her. Take her home, and make her happy while she is with you; she needs only that.'

The minister hung the gold-lettered text in a conspicuous position on his study wall, and sometimes through the years he would look at it and say:

'Eleanor, you were more ready than I to do the will of the King.'

But she would smile:

'No! You merely misunderstood for a moment.'

The Borrowed Diamond.

(By Frederick E. Burnham.)

The failure of many a young man to succeed in life can be traced to the committing of some irregularity, trifling in itself, yet far-reaching in its results. The following true story well illustrates this:—

Phil Dunlap held a clerkship with one of the leading jewellery stores of a large city in the East. He had gone there as an office boy and gradually advanced until, as head clerk, he was intrusted with the keeping of the large stock of precious stones carried by the firm.

No thought of dishonesty had entered his mind since his connection with the firm, and the prospect of his one day becoming one of the firm was promising. The temptation which brought about his downfall came from an unexpected quarter.

'Phil,' said a young man, stepping into the store one evening as Dunlap was about to close up, 'Phil, hurry home and dress for the opera this evening.

'By the way, Phil,' he added, 'it's a pity one of those splendid diamonds can't be in your shirt front; how it would show up there by the footlights! I have seats in one of the boxes.'

At the theatre Harry Childs's eye caught the light from a magnificent diamond displayed in Dunlap's shirt bosom. Phil saw it and noted the peculiar look that came into the young man's eyes, which asked him, as plainly as if he had spoken, how he dared to borrow for even a night one of the firm's gems. Phil colored and asked himself the same question.

Not only did Harry Childs observe the brilliant stone, but hundreds in the theatre noted the scintillating rays. Among them was a young man whose eyes sparkled almost as brilliantly as the diamond. He was an expert and well knew the value of the gem. So interested was he in the diamond that when the opera had ended, and the audience was leaving the house, he managed to reach the side of the young man who had borrowed the stone for a night, and when he parted from him in the crowd he had 'borrowed' the diamond himself. In other words, he was a thief, and, unknown to Phil, he had managed to slip the stone from its fastening, and the next instant he had vanished.

It was not until Phil reached home that he discoverd the theft. Suddenly he gave a great gasp. He had placed his hand to his shirt bosom and started back in amazement and terror. The magnificent diamond which the firm valued at a thousand dollars was gone!

All that night Phil Dunlap walked the floor, after informing the police of the robbery, and when morning came great circles about the eyes told of the suffering which he had endured.

'Mr. Foster,' said he, calling the head of the firm to one side, 'you had better send for an officer; I have taken a diamond and it is gone. I have not the money to settle with you.'

For a moment the head of the firm looked at the young man in astonishment. Dunlap a thief! It seemed impossible.

'What!' demanded the proprietor, 'you a thief, Phil?'

'I did not intend to be one, sir,' replied Phil, flushing; 'I only thought to borrow it for the night.'

'It matters not what you call it, young man,' said Mr. Foster, harshly. 'I call things by their right names. If you took the diamond, you stole it, and there's but one course to pursue. I will credit you with the wages due, and you must settle the balance within six months or we shall appear against you. You are discharged.'

'Sorry, old fellow,' said one of the clerks, as Phil Dunlap passed out. Yes, they were all sorry, even the man who had discharged him, but it is the way of the world to look severely at an act of dishonesty, and it prevented Mr. Foster from giving Phil a chance to redeem himself.

This took place more than twenty years ago. To-day Phil Dunlap—or the man whom I have called Phil Dunlap—is holding a minor clerkship in a provision store. He is qualified to fill a position in any first-class jewellery store, but the ghost of that early indiscretion has a hateful habit of turning up when a better position is sought. A recommendation is asked and Mr. Foster has but one reply: 'I cannot recommend him—he was dishonest while in my employ.'

That was an expensive ornament that Phil Dunlap wore for a few hours, yet it was no more costly than the irregularity of many another young man. The lesson may well be taken to heart.—'Forward.'

[For the 'Messenger.'

Ode to the Robin.

(By a young rhymer.)

We welcome thee,
Sweet harbinger,
The herald of blooming spring;
The wood was still
On yonder hill,
Till thou didst come and sing.

Thy echoes touch
The saddest heart,
And bid it take new hope/
Reverberate,
And animate
The folded bud to ope.

In twilight's gloam,
When zephyrs blow,
A sweetness holds the air;
Eternity
To spend with thee
Would be a heaven fair.

When early dawn
Breaks on the world,
Thy flood of melody
Flows o'er the soul,
Like anthem's roll
In sacred harmony.

When roses blow
Thou singest on;
We love thee more and more;
Humanity
We truly see
When men do thee adore.

The lilies fade,
The autumn comes,
Thy song has ceased to be;
Thy exodus
Disheartens us—
Oh, could we fly with thee!

L. D. JONES.

Pembroke, N. B.

In so-called 'nourishing stout' there is only one part in 1666 of nourishing matter, so that to get a teaspoonful of nourishment you must swallow a gallon and a quarter of this 'remarkably nourishing' stuff.—Dr. Norman Kerr.

How Miss Tempy Came to the Rescue.

(By Mary E. Q. Brush, in 'The Christian Intelligencer.')

The First Church in Waibaque was in debt. It wasn't a very small debt, either; it was represented by a good-sized digit and two important-looking ciphers.

Nobody seemed to know how it came to be so large. I suppose it had grown after the manner of a snow-ball—first a little lump, then it had grown larger and larger, and so now—as children say of the aforementioned snow-ball, 'you couldn't turn it any more and it was all stuck fast!'

A meeting of the members of the First Church was called to determine what was to be done. The faces of those who attended were as long as the treasurer's report of annual expenditures; the Consistory looked gloomy and the 'Ladies' Aid Society' was on the verge of tears. All the different factions of the church were drawn together in the earnest conviction that 'something must be done!' And, as Elder Berry said, 'it wasn't the debt alone—we can get rid of that by having some of us, the well-to-do members, subscribing an amount for it, and the ladies giving suppers and selling gingham aprons—but the thing is'—here Elder Berry brought his lean, brown fist down so hard on one of the faded red cushions of the pew in which he was sitting, that a cloud of dust flew, thereby causing the sexton considerable perturbation—'the thing is to keep from getting into any more debt! How are we to be sure of funds to meet our current expenses?'

A dead silence followed Elder Berry's remarks—a silence broken presently by Miss Tempy Bell's rising to speak.

'I have been thinking,'— here Miss Tempy paused a minute to untie her faded bonnet strings and push back the soft, white curls from her apple-red cheeks—'I have been thinking that we grown-up children don't pay enough attention to the big ABC book of Nature that our Divine Teacher spreads out open before us. Do we ever think how much God makes use of little things to carry out his great plans? Little drops of rain make great rivers; from little seeds spring vast forests; from tiny atoms of sand come the wide deserts; from the brief seconds flitting by come the long centuries. Board by board, nail by nail, brick by brick a house is built. All great business concerns have had small beginnings. Now, why shouldn't we think of this in conducting the expenses of our church? We have tried other ways. We have rented our pews—that drew social lines right away between rich and poor, between fashionable and unfashionable! We have had yearly subscriptions—this system causing many a poor, shrinking soul to desist from paying at all, rather than to put down a sum that looked paltry and insignificant beside that of some wealthier member. We have had voluntary collections—and people who forgot their pocketbooks, or stayed at home on rainy Sundays and so went scot free, while the burden of paying fell on a few faithful ones.'

Here Miss Tempy stopped a minute out of respect to the nods of assent and mirthful ripples of 'that's so's.'

Then she continued: 'Now, the other day, I heard of a new way. It was an idea in a letter sent me by a friend in New Jersey. She said that in her church everybody, from the minister to the Sunday-school children, was interested in the scheme.'

'What is the plan, Miss Tempy?' Elder Berry asked.

'It is a plan of Systematic Beneficence.'

Here over the face of Mr. Goodale, the minister, came a bright smile.

'Aha! I have heard something about that!' he said, eagerly. 'As near as I can find out, it is Scriptural, business-like, simple and effective. But pardon me, pray, proceed, Miss Tempy.'

'Well,' said Miss Tempy, pleased at the interest shown, 'well, the way is this:—First of all, everybody in the congregation is invited to give—anything from mites to millions! The giving is to be weekly in envelopes furnished for the purpose. Our expenses are weekly, you know, so why shouldn't our income be the same? It is easier for a person to find a five-cent piece in his pocket every week, than it is for him to skirmish around for a two-dollar bill at the end of the year. Besides, the very act of giving regularly, the reading the little, suggestive verse on each envelope, the being brought face to face with our obligations to our Father and the pleasurable duty of obeying his command, "Honor the Lord with thy substance and with the first fruits of all thine increase"—the renewed interest in the affairs of the church—all these things have a great spiritual value.'

'Do we have to tell how much we give?' came in a faint voice from behind the Widow Jennings's rusty crape veil.

'Only the treasurer need know,' Miss Tempy replied; and she added reverently, 'and God!'

'I think the children might be interested in it,' remarked pretty Rose Landor, who was a faithful Sabbath-school teacher.

'Yes, indeed!' heartily. 'What better method of interesting the youth of our church? Giving is a habit—a habit strengthened by constant practice. A Christian child should be taught to give, just as he is taught to be punctual, neat and polite. It means line upon line, precept upon precept, practice upon practice! The benevolent spirit, the missionary spirit, the charitable spirit—these must have steady growth, we must trust more to nurture than to nature.'

'Yes,' exclaimed Mr. Goodale, 'we must remember that the future prosperity of our church depends largely upon the rising generation. What our youth think, what they do, what they give—on these things depend progress in things temporal and things spiritual.'

'Of course,' said Miss Tempy, briskly, 'we can't expect our young folks to give in large sums. The Systematic Beneficence plan admits of small contributions as well as large. Little boys and girls saving up their pennies; lads and lassies in the store, in the mill, in the school, at home—none of these need feel ashamed of their humble efforts. The thing is, to give regularly It teaches thoughtfulness, providence, self-denial, an abiding interest in the church's welfare.

'And for the grown-ups, the folks who contribute in larger sums, well I don't believe'—here Miss Tempy nodded her head so vigorously that the bows upon her bonnet danced like huge purple butterflies—'I don't believe but what the richest member of our congregation would find it easier to give weekly, than to hand over his money in a big lump at the close of the year!'

Whereupon Mr. Banker, whom everybody supposed was dozing because his eyes were closed and his bald head had been wobbling unsteadily against the back of the pew for several minutes, suddenly spoke out in a stentorian voice and with a hearty disregard of grammar, 'That's so, I ha'n't nothin' to say about how you run the church, but I'd a good deal rather fork over a dollar a week than to pay out fifty the fust o' Janooary when business is dull, no orders comin' in an' the trade slack about payin' its bills!'

The purple butterflies nodded again in confirmation of this speech, and then Miss Tempy sat down, feeling that she had indeed set a ball in motion—a ball big enough to knock all future 'snow-balls,' like those mentioned, out of the triumphant progress of the church Waibacque!

Her scheme was tried. Mr. Goodale sent to the Systematic Beneficence Committee for all necessary information, and, a little later, packages of sturdy, business-like looking envelopes came and almost every member of the congregation took some.

And now, if you were to go there, you would find the church flourishing in things temporal and spiritual. Outsiders speak of it as a 'church that pays its debts.' The coal merchant is sure of his cheque; the minister's salary is always forthcoming; the boy who blows the bellows of the organ smiles when he gets his weekly fifty cents; and, as for the sexton—well, if Elder Berry were to thump the faded red rep cushions now, no choking cloud would rise, for the sexton is most faithful in his dusting, because he's paid so very promptly!

There, I forgot! There aren't any faded red rep cushions now! The Waibacque church has brand new ones! The Systematic Beneficence plan has brought the receipts to a margin beyond annual expenditures and, well, really, the last time I was there, the 'Ladies' Aid' were putting down a pretty new carpet and there was a faint but cheery whisper in the air, about 'plans being drawn for a church parsonage!'

Without Love.

Who travels alone with his eye on the heights,
Though he laughs in the daytime, oft weeps through the nights,
For courage goes down with the set of the sun.
When the toil of the journey is all borne by one.
He speeds but to grief, though full gaily he ride.
Who travels alone without Love at his side.

Who travels alone without lover or friend,
But hurries from nothing to naught at the end,
Though great be his winnings and high be his goal,
He is bankrupt in wisdom and beggared in soul.
Life's one gift of value to him is denied
Who travels alone without Love at his side.

It is easy enough in this world to make haste
If we live for that purpose; but think of the waste!
For life is a poem to leisurely read,
And the joy of the journey lies not in its speed.
Oh, vain his achievement, and petty his pride,
Who travels alone without Love at his side.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

'World Wide' is an effort to select from foreign journals and magazines many articles which are of intense interest to Canadians, but which heretofore have too often been lost in the great sea of current literature before they reached Canada. 'World Wide' is a sixteen page weekly, published at seventy-five cents per annum by John Dougall & Son, Montreal.

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The Second Education.

Somebody, a very wise somebody, says that everyone gets two educations—the first, the one his teachers give him; and the second, the one he gives himself.

When one finds himself at a loss about something he should have learned in due season, it is a comfortable sort of relief to his mind to cast it up to his teachers, or to some lack on the part of school authorities, that he finds himself wanting. But in the second education no one can do this. He cannot ease his mind and excuse his mistakes by laying them upon other shoulders. His own must bear them.

Moreover, one teacher may correct wrong theories and practices of another, but what is a teacher to do with one whose self-education is faulty? No human power outside oneself can compel any change in what one wills to do for himself.

There are school rules in plenty about promptness in attendance, but nothing that teachers can say or do will give one an education in punctuality unless the scholar drills himself into being in time.'

Then there is accuracy in making statements and in doing one's work. This is a fine constituent of character. The teachers who hear recitations and direct experiments may insist upon exactness, and may give low marks upon examination papers that are not clear, but if the student does not apply himself, he will never be accurately educated in the world. It is not only in the schoolroom and college that such self-education goes on. One may give an exact recitation, and state and demonstrate a problem clearly, who habitually make loose, unguarded, careless statements in his talk, never concerning himself about the exact truth. Perfect sincerity and truthfulness should be a part of all character-building; but what academic rule or college requirement can make it compulsory? The student can only exact it of himself.

There is the second education in courtesy, in self-denial and all unselfishness, in thoughtfulness, in the feeling of responsibility and accountability. Think how important they are. Can they be acquired or absorbed in the class-room from any professor or preceptor, without any effort on the part of the student.

Self-control is an essential which comes in the course of the second education. It is a magnificent thing to be able to control oneself, to keep within bounds the mighty pulse of passion, the bounding current of feeling, the rash judgment and opinion, the hasty word, the impulsive action.

In receiving an education from teachers, most scholars know when they get it. They have a certain consciousness of acquirements, and the examinations show where they stand. But in the education given to oneself, there is great danger of slipping through the days without a thought of it, and of finding that bad habit and most undesirable traits have been built into the character in heedless, unwitting fashion, after they have become fixed. That which we are accountable for ourselves is of vital importance. Take heed to the manner and matter of the second education. — 'Silver Link.'

Whom to Invite.

The old minister closed the book and looked around the village church.

'You are told,' he said, 'when you make a feast to call to it, not your rich neighbors, but the poor, the maimed and the blind. Now none of you are going to set out a fine dinner or supper this week. Some of us never in our lives gave a great entertainment. Yet the order is to us. I want each one of you when you go home to consider what God has given you besides food with which to make a feast and who are the poor folk whom you should bid to it.'

People glanced, smiling at each other, for the good man was full of queer suggestion. But the idea remained in the minds of some of his hearers, making their Sunday afternoon uncomfortable.

It bothered Phil Dorrance as he sat alone in his room. He usually sat alone, except when at his meals. Phil was the blacksmith's son whom his father, by dint of years of hard work and saving, had sent to college. He was grateful to his father, but he felt his education had made a great gulf between him and the old man. His companions were his classmates. He had meant to spend this afternoon with some of them, discussing a paper he had written on the history of the Reformation. Instead, he took it downstairs to the kitchen where his father and mother in their Sunday clothes sat nodding over the fire. How bare and empty their lives were—work and sleep!

'I want to read you something I have written,' he said, cheerily.

They drew up their chairs, their eyes sparkling with pride and delight, and listened with a keen, shrewd intelligence that surprised him. They were able, too, to correct some mistakes that he had made and to give some facts new to him.

'I haven't had as pleasant a day for years, Phil,' said the old man, when the paper was finished. His old mother said nothing, but kissed him, her eyes full of tears.

In another farmhouse Grace Peel sat, also thinking of the old doctor's suggestion. She was a musician from the city, who cared only for classical music. At home her playing gave keen pleasure to friends whose musical taste had been cultivated.

'They are my rich neighbors,' she thought. Rising, she went down to the parlor and opened the piano.

'Suppose,' she said, 'we sing some hymns —all of us.'

The farmer called in the boys excitedly. 'We haven't had the piano opened since Nancy went away,' he said. 'Come, grandma, I'll move up your chair. You must join in.'

They sang, 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul,' and 'Nearer, My God, to Thee.' Sarah, the black cook, came to the door and threw in a wild note of triumph now and then. The discord sometimes made Grace shiver, but she played on.

Grandma asked for the old hymns she had sung when she was a girl, and the boys for 'Hold the Fort.'

When the afternoon was over the farmer said to Grace, 'It's been a real happy time. You play as well as my daughter Nancy.'

Grandma laid her wrinkled hand on Grace's shoulder. 'The happy hours are so few at my age!' she said. 'God bless you for giving me this one, my child!'

So the minister's suggestion was carried out.—American Paper.

'God has lent us the earth for our life. It is a great entail. It belongs to them who are to come after us, and whose names are already written in the book of creation, as to us; and we have no right, by anything that we do or neglect, to involve them in unnecessary penalties, or to deprive them of benefits which it was in our power to bequeath.'—John Ruskin.

Using the Pieces.

Some years ago there lived and worked in Italy a great artist in mosaics. His skill was wonderful. With bits of glass and stone he could produce the most striking works of art—works that were valued at thousands of dollars.

In his workshop was a poor little boy, whose business it was to clean up the floor and tidy up the room after the day's work was done. He was a quiet little fellow and always did his work well. That was all the artist knew about him.

One day he came to his master and asked, timidly: 'Please, master, may I have *for my own the bits of glass you throw upon the floor?*'

'Why, yes, boy,' said the artist. 'The bits are good for nothing. Do as you please with them.'

Day after day, then, the child might have been seen studying the broken pieces found on the floor, laying some on one side, and throwing others away. He was a faithful little servant, and so year after year went by and found him still in the workshop.

One day his master entered a storeroom little used, and in looking around came upon a piece of work carefully hid behind the rubbish. He brought it to the light, and to his surprise found a noble work of art nearly finished. He gazed at it in speechless amazement.

'What great artist could have hidden his work in my studio?'

At that moment the young servant entered the door. He stopped short on seeing his master, and when he saw the work in his hands a deep flush dyed his face.

'What is this?' cried the artist. 'Tell me what great artist has hidden his masterpiece here?'

'Oh, master,' faltered the astonished boy, 'it is only my poor work. You know you said I might have the broken bits you threw away.'

The child with an artist soul had gathered up the fragments, and patiently, lovingly, wrought them into a wonderful work of art.

Do you catch the hint? Gather up the bits of time and opportunity lying about, and patiently work out your life mosaic—a masterpiece by the grace of God.'—'Exchange.'

A Man of Prayer.

(By Marianne Farningham, in the 'English S.S. Times.')

He has the wise and merry heart,
His laugh is real, his jest is glad,
In quietness he does his part,
If gay or sad.

He walks beside you in the street,
His watchful eyes look out on men,
And all whom he may chance to meet
Love him again.

He does not talk of that he feels,
But in his secret soul he knows
How powerful is the faith that heals
And brings repose.

He does not spend a day alone,
For God is with him everywhere,
And by his spirit he is known
A man of prayer.

The storms may beat above his head,
And the thick darkness shroud his way,
But he is not uncomforted,
For he can pray.

He has two lives; and one he gives
To daily duties as they come:
The other tranquilly he lives
With God at home.

And he is happy every day,
Although the world is full of care,
Because his heart, through all life's way,
Finds rest in prayer.

At the Hospital.

'I wouldn't go to-day, daughter,' said Mrs. Wayne, 'it's cold and disagreeable, and your wrap is hardly warm enough,' and she sighed, as she looked out into the chilly, wind-swept street.

Ruby turned from the little mirror to get her hat.

'Now, mamsie,' she laughed, 'don't you say a word. Think of those poor sufferers up there just pining for the sound of my voice. Poor things; would you be willing to disappoint them so terribly; mamsie?'

Mrs. Wayne said nothing, and the girl went on in a graver tone, 'I'm going to take you up there with me next Sunday if it is pleasant. You don't know what a real treat it is for me to sing for those people, especially for the children. Oh, mamsie, those little faces, pale and pinched, and older than they ought to be. There's one little fellow I just love; a dear, round-faced Irish boy, with the reddest hair. He had a dreadful accident two weeks ago, and the doctors gave up hope of saving his leg, and yesterday they amputated it. Poor little man. I know just how he's bearing it, brave and patient, and ever cheerful. And he does love to hear Miss Ruby sing so, the nurse says, and that's one reason why I must go to-day. I've got to sing my prettiest for Dannie.'

Mrs. Wayne's blue eyes softened with tears of sympathy. 'Bless your heart,' she said, 'go and sing for the poor things. I only wish, Ruby, we were not so poor that we can never think of such a luxury as flowers for the hospital. If I were only rich what wouldn't I do?' and the frail little woman sighed again.

'You couldn't have a kinder heart in you, mamsie, if you were able to give tons of flowers,' said Ruby. 'Now I'm off—will be back as early as possible,' and like a swift-winged bird she was off and flitted down the stairs.

It was a long walk up to the big hospital, which was perched up on a breezy hill, and Ruby felt in her little purse for a penny. The penny was there, but Ruby let it remain.

While Ruby Wayne is climbing the long hill to the hospital, let us

DRAWING LESSON.

glance at her life. Reared in a lovely home, an only child, every advantage had been hers. Her one talent, her voice, had received the best training. It was not a wonderful voice at all, just a sweet, strong soprano, with tender notes and cadences in it which always touched the heart.

Two years ago the father had suddenly died, leaving his affairs in such a tangled shape that very little was left for Mrs. Wayne, and she found it necessary to take cheap rooms and advertise for sewing. Sixteen-year-old Ruby left school with many a pang, giving up forever her dream of college life, and, after wearisome days of searching, found work as a typewriter in a dingy down-town office.

Fortunately she had taken up the study of typewriting more as a diversion than anything else, and had been of great help to her father in his business afterward. Now this accomplishment came into practical use. It was hard, but Ruby never complained, In fact, she acted, as her friends said, as though that were the luckiest thing which could have befallen her — getting that position as typewriter at a pound a week.

Ruby, serene, strong, self-reliant, pursued the even tenor of her way, noticing calmly that one by one her well-to-do friends dropped away from her; strange to say, she did not care. 'Mamsie,' and the little three-roomed house seemed all she had time for outside her work, except the hospital.

In the years of prosperity she had drifted into the habit of going there to sing each Sunday afternoon. At first she had gone with other girls as a sort of novelty, carrying flowers and talking to the children. Once she had yielded to

the girls, and sung for the little patients in the children's ward, and since that time scarcely a Sunday had passed without her sweet voice ringing through the hospital wards. The resident physician and nurses had grown to consider her almost a part of the hospital force, and though the other girls had given up the visiting long ago, Ruby, for pure love of it, kept on.

The girl climbed the terrace and entered the corridor, breathless and pink-checked with the exercise. The winds had buffeted her as she climbed the long hill, and the thrilling vitality of the out-door air was in her every movement, and she sang that afternoon like the very spirit of Spring. Outside in the broad, green country the willows were uncurling their silvery soft 'pussies' in the March wind, and early violets were opening in sheltered places. A yellow daffodil shone against her dark dress and the flush and glow of spring was in her face.

She had brought a song from home which breathed of things dear to the country-bred. As she sang the pretty thing, one could fancy trickling streams, broad sunny rivers, plumy ferns, and delightful footpaths through the woods. Wan faces lightened and brightened as she sang. Little crippled children sat up in bed and stared at her, and Ruby, whenever she caught their glances, smiled at them as she sang. Little Dannie, white as marble, lay on his pillow with closed eyes, but wearing a smile of peace, listened to every word. The house doctor sat in the background listening and the nurses lingered near.

Then after Ruby's song was ended childish voices piped forth from their little beds a request for this or that song and Ruby sang them all—the dear old familiar ones in the gospel hymns which everyone knows and children love.

Ruby, accompanied by one of the nurses, went downstairs to the big corridor. How happy she was! The nurse's arm was around her, and she was telling the girl how like a ray of sunshine her coming always was—how it brightened and lightened the monotonous routine of the week for them, and how the children asked every day if it wasn't 'most Sunday when Miss Ruby comes.' The little typewriter's heart was full of joy and peace. This was living—this was being! How different it was from the butterfly life she had led in other days.

A white-capped nurse came down the stairs after them. 'Miss Ruby,' she said, 'there's one of the patients asking to see you.' It's that man who broke his arm in the street car accident yesterday. He's a stranger in the city—hasn't any friends, and he's seemed to take a fancy to your voice and wants to see you.'

Ruby went back willingly enough. Such calls were not rare. Often she had been asked to come to certain cots and sit awhile with the patients. They seemed loath to let her girlish brightness vanish from their sight.

Ruby and the nurse sat down beside the cot in the hospital accident ward. As Ruby looked at the man a startled thought flashed through her mind that his face was strangely familiar. Whom was it? Whom did he resemble? And then she knew that, as much as a man can look like a woman, this man before her with the bandaged arm looked like her own dear 'mamsie.'

'It was not your voice which made me call you back,' said Uncle Robert, a little later, 'though that is as sweet as a blackbird's—it was your mother's eyes, a certain trick of expression or something which recalled your mother to my mind. 'And in this blessed way, and after all these years, I have really found my twin sister at last.'

A few days later the injured man was removed from the hospital on the hill to the little three-roomed house on a quiet street, and Mrs. Wayne, with heart full of happiness and hands of sisterly gentleness, acted as nurse to her only brother, and saw, as in a dream, all her care and poverty fall away from her life. Uncle Robert was not rich, but moderately well-to-do, enough so, at least, to make the college dream an actual possibility to Ruby, and to smooth her mother's life as neither of them had dared to hope.

* * * * * * *

Ruby has a home of her own now, but each Sunday afternoon she goes to the hospital with her tall, earnest-faced husband and a tiny, blue-eyed girl—and how she sings! More sweetly, more tenderly, more sympathetically than ever, for new joys have shaped her life into ripe completeness.—'Christian Budget.'

The First Wrong Button,

'Dear me,' said little Janet, 'I buttoned just one button wrong, and that makes all the rest go wrong,' and she tugged and fretted as if the poor button were at fault for her trouble.

'Patience, patience, dear,' said mamma. 'The next time look out for the first wrong button, then you'll keep all the rest right. And,' added mamma, 'look out for the first wrong deed of any kind; another and another is sure to follow.'

Janet remembered how one day, not long ago, she struck Baby Alice—that was the first wrong deed. Then she denied having done it — that was another. Then she was unhappy and cross all day because she had told a lie. What a long list of buttons fastened wrong just because the first one was wrong.—'Northwestern Christian Advocate.'

[For the 'Northern Messenger.'

Take Jesus as Your Saviour.

[This hymn was written by a little girl who is very delicate and partially blind.]

Take Jesus as your Saviour,
Don't make the least delay;
But take Him as your Saviour,
Oh, do choose Him this day.
Then try to love and trust Him,
And try to do what's right;
Then Jesus will reward you,
And give you strength and light.

Take Jesus as your Saviour,
Who died to save the world;
Take Jesus as your Saviour,
Tell others of his word.
Then try to save the fallen
From all the tempter's power;
And Jesus will forgive them,
And love them as before.

Take Jesus as your Saviour,
And as your friend and guide;
And through your time of trouble
He'll stay close by your side:
He'll give you strength to bear it,
And help you through the strife;
So just believe on Jesus,
And have eternal life.

IRENE BLACK.

LESSON VIII.—MAY 26.

The Holy Spirit Given

Acts ii., 1-11. Memory verses, 1-4. Read the whole chapter.

Golden Text.

'When he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth.'—John xvi., 13.

Lesson Text.

(1) And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place. (2) And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. (3) And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. (4) And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance. (5) And there were dwelling at Jerusalem Jews, devout men, out of every nation under heaven. (6) Now when this was noised abroad, the multitude came together, and were confounded, because that every man heard them speak in his own language. (7) And they were all amazed and marvelled, saying one to another, Behold, are not all these which speak Galileans? (8) And how hear we every man in our own tongue, wherein we were born? (9) Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judaea, and Cappadocia, in Pontus and Asia. (10) Phrygia, and Pamphylia, in Egypt, and in the parts of Libya about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes, (11) Cretes and Arabians, we do hear them speak in our tongues the wonderful works of God.

Suggestions.

'Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high.'—Luke xxiv., 49.

This season of waiting is always an essential qualification for successful service. God would have his children realize the utter inadequacy of all human means to accomplish his gigantic purposes, that thus the praise and glory might be afterwards ascribed exclusively to him. The disciples were given ten days to review the field of battle, to recognize the difficulties that bristled round on every side, to measure the adversaries' strength, and to understand their own helplessness and weakness; thus were they driven to their knees in earnest, anxious prayer. Then came the answer. The promise was fulfilled, and the power stored up in the almighty Saviour was brought down to his disciples in the person of the Holy Spirit.—Hugh D. Brown.

Pentecost.—'The fiftieth' day after the Passover. It was one of the three great feasts of the Jews. It was especially fitting for the coming of the Great Gift, because (1) it was called the 'day of first-fruits,' (Num. xxviii., 26), or 'feast of harvest,' (Ex. xxiii., 16). The wheat fields were then white with the harvest. (2) It was, according to a probable Jewish tradition, the anniversary of the giving of the law from Sinai, the revelation that ushered in the first Dispensation. It was thus specially fitting that the new Dispensation begin on the same day, the day of promulgation of the new and better Law, the Law of Faith, and Love, and Hope. (3) It was the day on which especially the Jew was to remember his deliverance from the bondage of Egypt, (Deut. xvi., 12) into the freedom of the Promised Land; and now into the glorious freedom of the sons of God. (4) Because at this feast, being in the summer, greater numbers were present in Jerusalem than at any other season, from all parts of the world. 'From a census taken in the time of Nero, more than 2,700,000 were gathered at the Passover, and still greater numbers came to Pentecost.' From this centre the power would radiate to all parts of the world.—Peloubet.

The disciples were waiting not only with prayer and faith, but with love—love to each other as well as to God. They were of one accord, they had made right any difficulties there may have been between any of themselves. If one had wronged another, he had confessed and been forgiven as their Master had directed. They were of one accord in obeying their Master's command to wait for the fulfilment of his promise to send them the Comforter. They had put aside all other calls and claims, they had withdrawn their hearts from the busy rush and turmoil of everyday life, they had been willing to make all their plans and ambitions subservient to the one ambition of obeying Christ. They did not know when the Holy Spirit was coming, but they were so yielded to God that they were willing to wait until he did come. The Holy Spirit can only come into hearts that are yielded to God for his infilling. It is the Holy Spirit who convinces a soul of its sin and reveals Jesus as the only Saviour, but he will never take full possession of a soul and dwell in and work through it, until the soul is willing to give up everything else for the sake of having the Holy Spirit.

The Spirit of God came upon the disciples in visible form as tongues of fire, typifying the holiness of God which burns up evil and consumes folly, typifying also the blazing purity and righteousness of God. (Heb. xii., 29.) 'Our God is a consuming fire.' Jesus is spoken of as the Sun of Righteousness, (Mal. iv., 2), and at the time of the transfiguration when his inward glory shone out and was made visible to the disciples they testified that his face did shine like the sun and his very garments seemed as though they were made of light. (Matt. xvii., 2). God is light, and in him is no darkness at all, (I. John i., 5) and it is said of the eternal city, the heavenly Jerusalem, that neither the sun nor moon were needed there for the glory of God shines in it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. (Rev. xxi., 23.)

The Holy Spirit is now in the world looking for a dwelling place in the hearts of men. If he has not entered your heart and taken possession of your life it is either because you do not want him at all, or because you cling to other things and let them fill your heart so that there is no room for him. Ask and ye shall receive, God is always ready to give, but your own sins hinder you from receiving. Knock and it shall be opened, the door is not bolted on God's side, but we have fastened it shut against ourselves by our unforgiveness, pride, fear or distrust. Sometimes the bolts are too stiff and hard for us to unfasten by ourselves, but if we are willing to give up those things that keep the blessing out, God will take them away for us.

'One word needs to be sounded over and over again if we are to be the recipients of this blessing. That word is—surrender. The very moment we have fulfilled this condition then rest assured that he will begin the manifestation of himself. We are not to suppose that we may mark out the channel in which he is to run, for the will must be given up in this as in other things. It is generally supposed, however, that to be filled with the Spirit always means power from the human standpoint, and this is anything but true. It always means power; but power in the estimation of God may mean defeat in the thought of men. It is to be remembered that Peter was filled with the Holy Ghost, and preached the sermon at Pentecost, while Stephen was filled with the Holy Ghost, and was stoned to death; one was as great a victory in the sight of God as the other.'—From 'Received Ye the Holy Ghost?'

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, May 26.—Topic—Missions: promises and prophecies. (Ps. ii.)

Junior C. E. Topic.

LESSONS IN COURAGE.

Mon., May 20.—True Heroism.—Heb. xi., 24-27.

Tues., May 21.—David and Goliath.—I. Sam. xvii., 45.

Wed., May 22.—Daniel in Babylon.—Dan. vi., 10, 11.

Thu., May 23.—Paul and Felix.—Acts xxiv., 24, 25.

Fri., May 24.—Jesus and Caiaphas.—Matt. xxvi., 62-64.

Sat., May 25.—The Christian's strength.—Ps. xxvii., 14.

Sun., May 26.—Topic—Missions: lessons from heroic lives.—II. Cor. xi., 23-28.

Increasing the Danger.

'For some years a decided inclination has been apparent all over the country to give up the use of whiskey and other strong alcohols, using as a substitute beer and other compounds. This is evidently founded on the idea that beer is not harmful, and contains a large amount of nutriment; also that bitters may have some medical qualities which will neutralize the alcohol which it conceals, etc. These theories are without confirmation in the observation of physicians.

'The use of beer is found to produce a species of degeneration of all the organs; profound and deceptive fatty deposits, diminished circulation, conditions of congestion and perversion of functional activities, local inflammation of both liver and kidneys are constantly present. Intellectually, a stupor amounting almost to paralysis, arrests the reason, changing all higher faculties into a mere animalism, sensual, selfish, sluggish, varied only with paroxysms of anger that are senseless and brutal. In appearance the beer drinker may be the picture of health, but in reality he is most incapable of resisting disease. A slight injury, a severe cold, or a shock to the body or mind, will commonly provoke acute disease, ending fatally.

'Compared with inebriates who use different kinds of alcohol, he is more incurable and more generally diseased. The constant use of beer every day gives the system no recuperation, but steadily lowers the vital forces. It is our observation that beer-drinking in this country, produces the very lowest kind of inebriety, closely allied to criminal insanity. The most dangerous class of ruffians in our large cities are beer-drinkers.

'Recourse to beer as a substitute for other forms of alcohol merely increases the danger and fatality.'—'Scientific American.'

Can You Undo?

A visitor in a hospital found a young man near death. 'Can I do anything for you?' he inquired, as he bent over the cot. 'O, sir,' cried the young man, 'can you undo?' In answer to a kindly word he opened his heart and unburdened his soul to the visitor. He told how he had led this companion and that one astray, how he had ruined this pure life and that one. 'O sir, can you undo this awful work that I have done? Can God undo it?' No one can undo, even God himself cannot undo, what sin has wrought. Yet God will forgive the penitent, and one who has sinned may live to do something at least to burn out the shame of the old sin.

But it is not always possible to undo sin's work. One night in a prayer-meeting, when the subject was 'Our homes and our children,' a middle-aged man, a stranger, told this story. He had a family with several boys. He was not a Christian. There was no prayer in his home, no Bible no holy teaching. He was a godless man, profane, a desecrater of the Sabbath, who paid no honor to God and no respect to religion. Thus the years passed on. The boys, growing up in this unholy atmosphere, departed from the innocency of their childhood and from God and drifted into sin. At last the father came under the influence of religion and became an earnest Christian. At once he began to try to undo the harm which he had done in his children's lives. He began to tell his boys, now growing toward young manhood, of Christ and of his redemption. He tried to impress upon them the great mistake he had made in living without God and in sin so many years. He also told them of the Saviour's love, and tried in every way to bring them under the same power which had so blessed his own life. But it was too late. He could not undo the evil he had wrought in their lives in infancy and childhood. In his helplessness the father's heart was almost broken with the thought

of the ruin he had wrought in the lives of his own children. He pitifully warned all fathers that the time to save the children was in childhood. There are many fathers who by example, if not by teaching, are leading their children away from God. By and by it will be too late to save them.—Dr. Miller.

Traps and Pitfalls.

At Aspatria, there was a Band of Hope Union demonstration. Sir W. Lawson, who addressed the assembled members, said that the attack on the liquor traffic was a work of necessity; as "it threatened to throttle the Commonwealth,' and it was a work of mercy, for who could look without pity on the great host of sufferers in the jails, workhouses, and lunatic asylums. The war in South Africa was terrible, but it would soon be over; that war went on. The Boers released their prisoners, but drink never released its victims till death. Drink was a greater danger to Britain than any arising from Boer, Boxer, Russian, French, Jew, Turk, heretic, or infidel.

The drinkers were not the chief friends of the traffic, but the drink-sellers who were bound to it by the ties of self-interest. The drink-sellers could not carry on their lucrative but destructive business without the help of the members of Parliament, whom they managed to return, and who were, instead of being the servants of the public, the servants of the publicans. A man could not become drunk without drink. 'Drink shops were traps and pitfalls for the working man,' as Earl Cairns once declared, and the magistrates were busy all over the country setting those traps for another year. If they did not set the traps there would be no prey, and the magistrates would have nothing to do. The contemptible and ludicrous farce went on from year to year.

A Clear Head and Steady Hand.

Teetotalism will ensure you a clear head and steady hand. Alcohol has an affinity for the brain. On entering the system it rushes upward to the brain; and, according to the amount consumed, breaks down mental equilibrium. In the struggle for supremacy constantly going on around and about us, it is impossible to overestimate or exaggerate the value of teetotalism as a means of contributing to this end. All over the country, nay, right throughout the civilized world, in all branches of industry, scientific research and intellectual attainment, teetotalers are coming to the front. The affinity of alcohol for the human brain is a phenomenon fraught with the utmost importance to all, but especially to those gifted with keen, perceptive faculties, or those who are musically, intellectually, or philosophically inclined. Great men, and many of the world's champions, have freely attributed much of their success to abstinence from strong drink. All who desire to make their mark in the world, to succeed in the vocation in which God has placed them, will certainly be well advised to abstain from all intoxicating drinks as beverages. —Fred Rodger, (Whitby).

Ruined Through a Glass of Port.

At the Eastbourne Police Court some time ago, a young man was charged with stealing money, the property of the Grand Hotel Company. In defence he said that on Dec. 1 he went to bank some money, as usual, and on the way called at an hotel for a glass of port. On coming to pay, however, he found to his surprise that he had no money of his own, and accordingly he took sixpence to pay for the wine. This prevented him banking the money that day, as without the sixpence the amount would not have been right. The next day he intended to bank the money, but before he could do so he was questioned by the manager, who had received a telegram stating that the money had not been paid in. And so he was charged with stealing the money. That young man's love for port has ruined him. He was bound over to come up for judgment when called upon, but that glass of port has placed upon his character an indelible stain.—'Temperance Record.'

Correspondence

Courtice.

Dear Editor,—I have two brothers and three sisters. I go to school every day and like my teacher very much. I have one pet and it is a little kitten. We live on a farm. AURA O.

Agincourt.

Dear Editor,—I am a subscriber to the 'Messenger,' and think it a grand paper, and hope it is read in every home. I have four brothers and five sisters. Our mother died last Dominion Day, and we miss her a lot at home. I am fifteen years of age, my birthday is on March 14. JENNIE M.

Rosebery, Belfast, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—My sister, Mabel, takes the 'Northern Messenger,' and we are very fond of it. I like to read the letters from the little boys and girls. I did not see any one who had the same birthday as mine, Sept. 1. I like to go to church and Sunday-school. Our Sunday-school will start in the summer time. I have a number of pets. My favorite one is a little foalie. He is very kind and I like to see him prancing through the fields. I think I will call him Jacquot, after the Queen's famous white donkey. I can ride a horse anywhere alone. I like horseback riding. There is a pond below our house and I like skating on it. WILLIE HENRY McI.

Central New Annan.

Dear Editor,—I have a mile and a half to walk to school. I have two sisters and no brothers. My mamma is dead, but my papa is living. My home is in French River near Tatamagouche, but I live with my aunt. MARY B.

Central New Annan.

Dear Editor,—I have a black and white kitten, and I call it Mike. My papa is a farmer, and I like to read the 'Northern Messenger,' very much. I go to school, and to Sabbath-school in summer. LIZZIE M., (Aged 9.)

Massey Station, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live in the District of Algoma, in Temperance Valley. My aunt sends me the 'Northern Messenger.' I like it very much, especially the Correspondence. I take great pleasure in the Find-the-Place Almanac, and I think it is a good way to study the Bible. I am very sorry for Lottie T. I once had a dear little boy cousin who was crippled, but he died when he was five years old, and is gone to heaven, for our Saviour said, 'Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.' I would like if Lottie T. would put her address in the 'Messenger'; I would like to correspond with her. I saw a letter in the 'Messenger' from Laura T. Her birthday is the same date as mine, July 19. I have two brothers and a dear little baby sister. With good wishes for the 'Messenger' and all its readers. CORRIE I. M. (Aged 12.)

Kingsboro, P. E. I.

Dear Editor,—My sister takes the 'Northern Messenger.' I live six miles from the east end of Prince Edward Island. My papa owns a carding mill, a sawmill, and a farm. Grandpa is 81 years old and works in the sawmill every day. The school house is on a part of our farm, so I have not far to go to school. For pets I have a horse named Maggie and a cat. MARGUERITE S. (Aged 12.)

Comely Chance, N.F.L.

Dear Editor,—My mama takes the 'Messenger' and I like to read it very much. There is no week-day school here, but I go to Sunday-school and like my teacher. Her name is Miss Adams. I have one brother and one little baby sister, her name is Vida Maud. STEVIE. (Aged 8.)

Chester.

Dear Editor,—We live on a beautiful island, half a mile from Chester. I have one brother and four sisters. We have one lamb, I told papa it was as black as snow, and it made him laugh. Papa made me a pretty carriage this winter to take the baby out in. We call the baby Olive. LITTLE HARRIS.

Coldstream, Gays River.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. I have one brother. I take the 'Northern Messenger.' I like it very much. I go to school. I have a dog named Rex, and a cat named Tibbie. ROY WATT L. (Aged 9.)

Central Park, Vancouver, B. C.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Northern Messenger' every Sabbath, and I like it very much. I have to walk a mile to school. I have one sister and one brother. We have had over three feet of snow this winter. My papa has a post-office. We have a large singing class. I have a pet cat named Topsy and my sister has a dog named Towser. ETHEL S. (Aged 10.)

Ontario.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm two miles from school and four miles from Thamesville. I had two pet cats, called Dick and Brinnie, but Dick died. I have no dog. I have five brothers and one sister, and I am the youngest. My birthday is on the 19th of November. We have a clock over fifty years old and it goes yet. My father takes the 'Messenger' and I like it very much.

O, it is springtime again, my friends,
And all things looking bright;
And the grass is green again, my friends,
And the trees with bloom are white.
MYRTLE K. (Aged 11.)

Maberly, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is the first letter I have written to you. I am ten years old. I am in the senior third class. Papa takes the 'Messenger. We live in a village; it has four stores in it, two churches, (Methodist and Episcopalian). I go to Sunday-school. We had a temperance meeting here. MARY A. F. F.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Northern Messenger' every Sunday and like it very much. I like to read the Correspondence especially. I have a cat named Beauty. Sometimes I do not get my paper and I miss it very much. I help mother with the work when she is busy. Wishing the 'Messenger' every success. RUTH C.

Nova Scotia.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger' now, and I think it the best paper I ever read. I have one brother, his name is Anson. From our home to the school house is about five minutes' walk. We have one cat—he is a nice cat. We like to play with the lambs in the spring. My birthday is on May 3. NAOMI A. F. (Aged 9.)

Freetown.

Dear Editor,—I have been taking the 'Messenger' nearly two years. I wrote once, and I guess my letter found its way to the waste basket. My birthday is on the 19th of March. I have one sister and two brothers. ALBERT RAY C.

Atwater, Minn.

Dear Editor,—I'm a little girl twelve years old. I have two dolls, one cat, one dog and one cow. I have four sisters and three brothers. My birthday is in February. I have been taking the 'Messenger' just for a little time, but like to read it very much. JEANETTE N.

Toronto.

Dear Editor,—We receive the 'Northern Messenger' each Sunday at our Sunday-school, and I agree with those who say it is the best paper printed. I think it not only interesting, but very instructive. I would like some young girl about my own age (fourteen) to have a correspondence with me. Don't you think it would be a good idea to start a Christian Endeavor Roll in the 'Messenger,' on which all Christian Endeavor readers, girls and boys, would have their names, and as often as possible write to tell of their experiences and trials. I think myself it would be a great help. FLEDA.

Mack, N. Dakota.

Dear Editor,—My brother John takes the 'Messenger,' and I enjoy reading it. I was seven years old on the 15th of February. I wonder if there is any little boy or girl who has a birthday on that same date. I have two brothers and seventeen cousins, and eight aunts, and ten uncles, and I go to school in summer. GEORGIE A. M.

HOUSEHOLD.

The Kind-hearted Duchess.

Kind-hearted sympathy and philanthropic interest characterized the late Duchess of Teck; and these made her beloved wherever she was known, and she was known very widely. Homeliness was another marked feature of her life. Her mother's training was somewhat strict, but deep affection was always prominent. An amusing picture of Princess Mary at a very early age is given:—

'One day she had been naughty during her morning lesson, and the Duchess directed that she was to have bread and water for luncheon, a punishment Princess Mary particularly disliked. "But she was not going to let any one see it," said the old servant, "and when I went up to the schoolroom with the bread and water, Princess was sitting on the piano with her legs dangling in the air, and singing to herself as though she were quite happy."'

Whilst residing at Cambridge Cottage,

THE DUCHESS OF TECK AND PRINCESS MAY.

the Princess records in her diary (1885), 'I read an address, by Mr. Ryle, to mama till dressing-time.' An incident which happened in 1853 will show that the Princess Mary did but follow in the steps of her mother in her consideration of the poor and afflicted:—

'One day the Duchess and her daughter were taking their usual walk in the gardens, both clad in voluminous circular waterproof cloaks. When some distance from the Cottage, a heavy shower came on, and they turned their steps homewards, meeting two poorly-clad children. Without a moment's hesitation each child was given shelter under the folds of a "royal mantle," and brought back to Cambridge Cottage. Shoes and stockings were quickly taken off and dried, the little ones regaled with hot tea, and as soon as it was found that they lived at Brentford, a fly was fetched and they were sent home.'

The marriage of the Princess, at the age of thirty-three, was a marriage of affection. What the home life was we may gather from such an extract as the following from her diary. It might be the life of almost any English home:—

'Sunday.—At five o'clock I had May down and read the Psalms and the Lessons to her. Afterwards I gave the children their Scripture reading. Monday.—Francis and I joined the chicks at their lunch. . . . Wales's children came in the afternoon and I went up to the nursery to keep them in order. Wednesday.—Heard May her dates and Franky his French reading before lunch, and finally went to the schoolroom to assist at a grand wedding of the dolls. Tea in the nursery, and played at geographical Lotto. Dear old Frazer, who had arrived in her rooms, came to see us. She looked very ill. . . . Saturday.—Assisted at chick's music lesson, and then drove May, Baby, and Girdie, to Coombe, where we got out and picked primroses. Frank met us there on horseback.'

How very like English life with us all!

Mr. Cooke tells us that:—

'On a Sunday evening Princess Mary sometimes assembled the servants in the inner hall, when hymns were sung, the Princess herself taking the leading part. "Jerusalem the Golden," "Nearer my God, to Thee," and "Lead kindly Light," were the hymns she liked best; and as the heartiness of the singing brought more vividly home to her the meaning of the familiar words, her Royal Highness was often affected.'

In her philanthropic work the Duchess was an admirable business helper. She was thoroughly practical, and knew exactly what to do. She could be 'at home' with the humble poor, and so gained their affection. We have seldom read a more amusing story of Royalty than one told by the Duchess of the Princess May and a mother's meeting in Whitechapel:—

'The Duchess of York had sent a little woollen petticoat made by herself as a present for the youngest baby in the room. Naturally the gift occasioned much excitement amongst the women, who came forward "to look" at and "touch" the Royal garment. Amongst the mothers was an old woman of ninety-four. "Ah! deary me," she exclaimed, "I wouldn't mind having another baby myself if I could have a petticoat made by the Duchess!" Princess Mary was so touched by the story that she sent the old woman a "hug-me-tight" of her own making. Great was the delight of the recipient, and holding the "hug-me-tight" at arm's length, she said, "It is much too good for th likes of me to wear. I shall keep it to look at." On hearing this, Her Royal Highness sent word that she was "by all means to wear it and enjoy it."'—'Day of Days.'

The husband should trust the wife with the household expenditures. Let them decide together what style they will adopt, what weekly or monthly sum they can spend, only let it be within their means. Then it is for him to give her the money regularly, and for her to lay it out as carefully and judiciously as she knows how. She will do better if she is trusted than if he is constantly overhauling her methods and inspecting her accounts. Of course there should be accounts, and once a month they should inspect them together. Certainly she should have enough for dress, for little extras of taste, and for general house expenses. But there must be no debt; and there should be a little saved and put sacredly away against a time of illness, or the holidays, or the advent of the little babe. And she should be told how much he is making, and how the outlook is. If there be more, she will be glad; if less, she will brace herself to economize. All the payments should be in ready cash, no bills, no debts, no long running accounts. And the money should be in hand before the dress is ordered, or the new furniture procured for the house.—Rev. F. B. Myer.

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